A Passport to Paradise

By MYRA KELLY, Author of "Little Citizens," a Book of These East Side Stories.

School had been for some months in progress when the footsteps of Yetta Aaronsohn were turned by a long-suffering truant officer, in the direction of room 18. During her first few hours among its pictures, plants and children she sadly realized the great and many barriers which separated her from Eva Gonorowsky, Morris Mogilewsky, Patrick Brennan and other favored spirits who basked in the sunshine of teacher's regard. For with a face too white, hair too straight, dresses too short and legs too long, one runs a poor chance in rivalry with more blessed and bedizened children.

Miss Bailey had already appointed her monitors, organized her kingdom, and was so hedged about with servitors and assistants that her wishes were acted upon before a stranger could surmise them, and her cabinet, from the leader of the line to the monitor of the gold-fish bowl, presented an impregnable front to the aspiring public.

During recess time Yetta learned that teacher was further intrenched in groundless prejudice. Sarah Schodsky, class bureau of etiquette and of savoir faire, warned the newcomer.

"Sooner you comes on the school mit dirt on the face she wouldn't to have no kind feelin's over you. She don't lets you should set by har side; she don't lets you should be monitors off of somethings; she don't lets you should make an'thing what is nice for you."

Another peculiarity was announced by Sadie Gonorowsky. "So you comes late on the school, she has fierce mads. Patrick Brennan, he comes late over yesterday on the morning und she don't lets he should march first on the line."

"Did she holler?" asked Yetta in an awed whisper.

"No. She don't need she should holler when she has mads. She looks on you mit long-mad-proud-looks und you don't needs no holers. She could to have mads 'out sayin' nothings und you could to have a scare over it. It's fierce. Und extra she goes und tells it out to Patrick's papa—he's the cop mit buttons what stands by the corner—how Patrick comes late und Patrick gets killed as anything over it."

"On'y Patrick ain't cried," interrupted Eva Gonorowsky. She had heard her hero's name and sprang to his defense. "Patrick tells me how his papa hits him awful mit a club. I don't know what is a club on'y Patrick says it makes him biles on all his bones."

"You get biles on your bones from off of cops sooner you comes late on the school?" gasps Yetta. "Nobody ain't tell me nothings over that. I don't know, neither, what is clubs—"

"I know what are they," the more learned Sarah Schodsky began. "It's a house mit man's faces in the windows. It's full from mans by night. Ikey Borracksohn's papa's got one mit music inside."

"I don't likes it, I have a 'fraid over it!" wailed Yetta. "I don't know does my mamma likes I should come somewheres where cops mit buttons makes like that mit me. I don't know is it healthy for me."

"Sooner you don't comes late on the school nobody makes like that mit you," Eva reminded the panic-stricken newcomer, and for the first three days of her school life Yetta was very early and very dirty.

Miss Bailey, with gentle tact, delivered little lectures upon the use and beauty of soap and water, lectures which Eva Gonorowsky applied to and discussed with the newcomer.

"Miss Bailey is a awful nice teacher," she began one afternoon. "I never in my world seen no nicer teacher. On'y she's fancy."

"I seen how she's fancy," Yetta agreed. "She's got her hair done fancy mit combs und her waist is from fancy goods."

"Yes, she's fancy," Eva continued. "She likes you should put you on awful clean. Say, what you think, she sends a boy home once—mit notes, even—the while he puts him on mit dirty sweaters. She says like this: 'Sweaters what you wears by nights und by days ain't stylish fer school.' Und I guess she knows what is stylish. I ain't never in my world seen no stylisher teacher."

"I don't know be buttoned-in-back dresses the style this year," ventured Yetta. The same misgiving had visited Eva, but she thrust it loyally from her.

"They're the latest," she declared.

"It's good they're in style," sighed Yetta. "Mine dress is a buttoned-in-back dress, too. On'y I loses me the buttons from off it. I guess I sews 'em on again. Teacher could to have, maybe, kind feelin's, sooner she sees how I puts me on mit buttons on mine back."

"Sure could she!" cried the sustaining Eva.

"Could she have kind feelin's sooner I puts me on mit buttons on mine back und makes all things what is nice fer me? Oh, Eva, could she have feelin's over me?"

"Sure could she," repeated Eva. "Sooner you makes all them things she could to make you, maybe, monitors off of somethings."

"Be you monitors?" demanded Yetta in sudden awe.

"Off of pencils. Ain't you seen how I gives 'em out und takes 'em up? She gives me, too, a piece of paper mit writings on it. Sooner I shows it on the big boys what stands by the door in the yard, sooner they lets me I should come right up by teacher's room. You could to look on it." And, after unfolding countless layers of paper and of cheese-cloth handkerchief, she exhibited her talisman. It was an ordinary visiting card with a line of writing under it neatly engraved: "Miss Constance Bailey," and Yetta regarded it with envying eyes.

"What does it says?" she asked.

"Well," admitted Eva, with reluctant candor, "I couldn't to read them words, but I guess it says I should come all places what I wants the while I'm good girls."

"Can you go all places where you wants mit it?"

"Sure could you."

"On theaytres?"

"Sure."

"On the Central park?"

"Sure."

"On the country? Oh, I guess you couldn't to go on the country mit it?"

"Sure could you. All places what you wants you could to go sooner Missis Bailey writes on paper how you is good girls."

"Oh, how I likes she should write like that fer me. Oh, how I likes I should be monitors off of somethings."

"I tell you what you want to do: wash your hands!" cried Eva, with sudden inspiration. "She's crazy for what is clean. You wash your hands und your face. She could to have feelin's."

For some mornings thereafter Yetta was clean—and late. Miss Bailey overlooked the cleanliness, but noted the tardiness and treated the offender with some of "the mads 'out sayin' nothings" which Sadie had predicted. Still, the "cop mit buttons and clubs" did not appear, though Yetta lived in constant terror and expected that every opening of the door would disclose that dread avenger.

On the fourth morning of her ablutions Yetta reached Room 18 while a reading lesson was absorbing Teacher's attention.

"Powers above!" ejaculated Patrick Brennan, with the ostentatious virtue of the recently reformed, "here's that new kid late again."

The new kid, in copious tears, encountered one of the "long-mad-proud-looks" and cringed.

"Why are you late?" demanded Miss Bailey.

"I washes mine face," whimpered the culprit, and the eyes with which she regarded Eva Gonorowsky added tearfully: "Villian, behold your work!"

"So I see, but that is no reason for being late. You have been late twice a day, morning and afternoon, for the last three days, and your only excuse has been that you were washing your face. Which is no excuse at all."

"I tells you 'scuse," pleaded Yetta, "mine dear teacher, I tells you 'scuse."

"Very well, I'll forgive you today. I suppose I must tolerate you."

"No-o-oh ma'am, Teacher, Missis Bailey, don't you do it," screamed Yetta, in sudden terror. "I have a awful frightened over it. I swear. I kiss up to God, I wouldn't never no more come late on the school. I don't need nobody should make nothings like that mit me."

"Oh, it's not so bad," Miss Bailey reassured her. "And you must expect something to happen if you will come late to school for no reason at all."

And Yetta was too disturbed by the danger so narrowly escaped to tell this charming but strangely ignorant young person that the washing of a face was a most time-consuming process. Yetta's one-roomed house was on the top floor, the sixth, and the only water supply was in the yard. Since the day her father had packed "assorted notions" into a black and shiny box and had set out to seek his very elusive fortunes in the country, Yetta had toiled three times a morning from the yard to her room with a tin pail full of water. This formed the family's daily store and there was no surplus to be squandered. But to win Teacher's commendation she had bent her tired energies to another trip, and, behold, her reward was a scolding.

Eva Gonorowsky was terribly distressed, and the plaintive sobs which, from time to time, rent the bosom of Yetta's dingy plaid dress were as so many blows upon the adviser's bruised conscience. Desperately she cast about for some device by which Teacher's favor might be reclaimed, and all jubilantly she imparted it to Yetta.

"Say," she whispered. "I tell you what you want to do. You leave your mamma wash your dress."

"I don't know would she like it. I washes mine face fer her und she has a mad on me."

"She'd like it, all right, all right. ain't I tell you how she is crazy fer what is clean? You get your dress washed and it will look awful diff'rent. I done it und she had a glad."

Now a mamma who supports a family by the making of buttonholes, for one hundred of which she receives nine cents, has little time for washing, and Yetta determined—unaided and unadvised—to be her own laundress. She made endless trips with her tin pail from the sixth floor to the yard and back again, she begged a piece of soap from the friendly "janitor lady" and set valiantly to work. And Eva's prophecy was fulfilled. The dress looked "awful diff'rent" when it had dried to half its already scant proportions. From various sources Yetta collected six buttons of widely dissimilar design and color, and, with great difficulty, since her hands were puffed and clumsy from long immersion in strong suds, she affixed them to the back of the dress and fell into her corner of the family couch to dream of Miss Bailey's surprise and joy when the blended plaid should be revealed unto her. Surely, if there were any gratitude in the hearts of teachers, Yetta should be, ere the sinking of another sun, "monitors off of somethings."

That Teacher was surprised, no one who saw the glance of puzzled inquiry with which she greeted the entrance of the transformed Yetta, could doubt. That she had a glad, Yetta, who saw the stare replaced by a smile of recognition, was proudly assured. Eva Gonorowsky shone triumphant.

"Ain't I tell you," she whispered jubilantly, as she made room upon her little bench and drew Yetta down beside her. "Ain't I tell you how she is crazy for what is clean? Und I ain't never seen nothings what is clean like you be. You smells off of soap even."

It was not surprising, for Yetta had omitted the rinsing which some laundresses advise. She had wasted none of the janitor lady's gift. It was all in the meshes of the flannel dress, to which it lent, in addition to its reassuring perfume, a smooth, damp slipperiness most pleasing to the touch.

The athletic members of the First Reader Class were made familiar with this quality before the day was over for, at the slightest exertion of its wearer, the rainbow dress sprang, chrysalis-like, widely open up the back. Then were the combined efforts of two of the strongest children required to drag the edges into apposition, while Eva guided the buttons to their respective holes and Yetta "let go of her breath" with an energy which defeated its purpose.

These interruptions of the class routine were so inevitable a consequence of Swedish exercises and gymnastics, that Miss Bailey was forced to sacrifice Yetta's physical development to the general discipline and to anchor her in quiet waters during the frequent periods of drill. When she had been in time she sat at Teacher's desk in a glow of love and pride. When she had been late she stood in the corner near the bookcase and repented of her sin. And, despite all her exertions and Eva's promptings, she was still occasionally late.

Miss Bailey was seriously at a loss for some method of dealing with a child so wistful of eyes and so damaging of habits. A teacher's standing on the books of the board of education depends, to a degree, upon the punctuality and regularity of attendance to which she can inspire her class, and Yetta was reducing Miss Bailey's average to untold depths.

"What happened today?" Teacher asked one morning for the third time in one week, and through Yetta's noisy repentance she heard hints of "store" and "mamma."

"Your mamma sent you to the store?" she interrupted, and Yetta nodded dolefully.

"And did you give her my message about that last week? Did you tell her that she must send you to school before nine o'clock?" Again Yetta nodded, silent and resigned, evidently a creature bound upon the wheel, heartbroken and uncomplaining.

"Well, then," began Miss Bailey, struggling to maintain her just resentment, "you may tell her now that I want to see her. Ask her to come to the school tomorrow morning."

"Teacher, she couldn't. She ain't got time. Und she don't know where is the school, either."

"That's nonsense. You live only two blocks away. She sees it every time she passes the corner."

"She don't never pass no corner. She don't never come on the street. My mamma ain't got time. She sews."

"But she can't sew always. She goes out, doesn't she, to do shopping and to see her friends?"

"She ain't got friends. She ain't got time she should have 'em. She sews all times. Sooner I lays me und the babies on the bed by night my mamma sews. Und sooner I stands up in mornings my mamma sews. All, all, all times she sews."

"And where is your father? Doesn't he help?"

"Teacher, he's on the country. He is peddler mans. He walk und he walk und he walk mit all things what is stylish in a box. On'y nobody wants they should buy somethings from off of my papa. No, ma'am, Missis Bailey, that ain't how they makes mit my poor papa. They goes und makes dogs should bite him on the legs. That's how he tells in a letter what he writes on my mamma. Comes no money in the letter und me und my mamma we got it pretty hard. We got three babies."

"I'm going home with you this afternoon," announced Miss Bailey in a voice which suggested neither mads nor clubs nor violence.

After that visit things were a shade more bearable in the home of the absent peddler, and one-half of Yetta's ambition was achieved. Teacher had a glad. There was a gentleness almost apologetic in her manner towards Yetta, and the hour after which an arrival should be met with a long-proud-mad-look was indefinitely postponed. And, friendly relations being established, Yetta's cravings for monitorship grew with the passing days.

When she expressed to Teacher her willingness to hold office she was met with unsatisfying and baffling generalities.

"But, surely, I shall let you be monitor some day. I have monitors for nearly everything under the sun now, but perhaps I shall think of something for you."

"I likes," faltered Yetta, "I likes I should be monitors off of flowers."

"But Nathan Spiderwitz takes care of the window boxes. He won't let even me touch them. Think what he would do to you."

"Then I likes I should be monitors to set by your place when you goes by the Principal's office."

"But Patrick Brennan always takes care of the children when I am not in the room."

"He marches first by the line, too. He's two monitors."

"He truly is," agreed Miss Bailey. "Well, I shall let you try that some day."

It was a disastrous experiment. The First Reader Class, serenely good under the eye of Patrick Brennan, who wore one of the discarded brass buttons of his sire pinned to the breast of his shirt-waist, found nothing to fear or to obey in his supplanter, and Miss Bailey returned to her kingdom to find it in an uproar and her regent in tears.

"I don't likes it. I don't likes it," Yetta wailed. "All the boys shows a fist on me, all the girls makes a snoot on me, all the children says cheek on me—I don't likes it. I hates it."

"Then you shan't do it again," Teacher comforted her. "You needn't be a monitor if you don't wish."

"But I likes I shall be monitors. On'y not that kind from monitors."

"Well, if you can think of something you would enjoy I shall let you try again. But it must be something, dear, that no one is doing for me."

But Yetta could think of nothing until one afternoon when she was sitting at Teacher's desk during a Swedish drill. All about her were Teacher's things—her large green blotter, her "from gold" ink-stand and pens, her books where the fairies lived. Miss Bailey was standing directly in front of the desk and encouraging the First Reader Class—by command and by example—to strenuous waving of arms and bending of bodies.

"Forward, bend," commanded, and bent, Miss Bailey and her buttoned-in-back-waist followed the example of less fashionable models, shed its pearl buttons in a shower upon the smooth blotter and gave Yetta the inspiration for which she had been waiting. She gathered the buttons, extracted numerous pins from posts of trust in her attire, and when Miss Bailey had returned to her chair, gently set about repairing the breach.

"What is it?" asked Miss Bailey. Yetta, her mouth ful of pins, exhibited the buttons.

"Dear me! All those off!" exclaimed teacher. "It was good of you to arrange it for me. And now will you watch it? You'll tell me if it should open again?"

Yetta had then disposed the pins to the best advantage and was free to voice her triumphant:

"Oh, I knows now how I wants I should be monitors. Teacher, mine dear teacher, could I be monitors off of the back of your dress?"

"But surely you may," laughed teacher, and Yetta entered straightway into the heaven of fulfilled desire.

None of Eva's descriptions of the joys of monitorship had done justice to the glad reality. After common mortals had gone home at 3 o'clock, room 18 was transformed into a land where only monitors and love abounded. And the new monitor was welcomed by the existing staff, for she had supplanted no one and was so palpitatingly happy that Patrick Brennan forgave her earlier usurpation of his office and Nathan Spiderwitz bestowed upon her the freedom of the window boxes.

"Ever when you likes you should have a crawley bug from off of the flowers, you tell me and I'll catch one fer you. I got lots. I don't need 'em all."

"I likes I shall have one now,' ventured Yetta, and Nathan ensnared one and put it in her hand, where it "crawlied" most pleasingly until Morris Mogilewsky begged it for his gold-fish in their "fish-theaytre." Then Eva shared with her friend and protege the delights of sharpening countless blunted and bitten pencils upon a piece of sandpaper.

"Say," whispered Yetta, as they worked busily and dirtily, "Say, I'm monitors now. On'y I ain't got no papers."

"You ask her. She'll give you one."

"I'd have a shamed the while she gives me und my mamma whole bunches of things already. She could to think, maybe, I'm greedy. But I needs that paper awful much. I needs I shall go on the country for see mine papa."

"No, she don't thinks you are greedy. Ain't you monitors on the back of her waist? You should come up here 'fore the children comes for see how her buttons stands. You go und tell her, 'Teacher,' she began, 'buttoned-in-you needs that paper.'"

Very diplomatically Yetta did.

"Yes, honey," Miss Bailey acquiesced, "so I thought when I saw that you wear one."

"On'y they opens," Yetta went on, all flushed by this high tribute to her correctness. "All times they opens, yours and mine, und that makes us shamed feelin's."

Again Miss Bailey acquiesced.

"So-o-oh," pursued Yetta, with fast beating heart; 'don't you wants you should give me somethings from paper mit writings on it so I could come on your room all times for see how is your buttoned-in-back dresses?'"

"A beautiful idea," cried teacher. We'll take care of one another's buttons. I'll write the card for you now. You know what to do with it?"

"Yiss ma'am. Eva tells me all times how I could come where I wants sooner you write on papers how I is good girls."

"I'll write nicer things than that on yours," said Miss Bailey. "You are one of the best little girls in the world. So useful to your mother and to the babies and to me! Oh, yes, I'll write beautiful things on your card, my dear."

When the Grand street car had borne Miss Bailey away Yetta turned to Eva with determination in her eye and the "paper mit writings" in her hand.

"I'm goin' in the country for see my papa und birds und flowers und all then things what teacher tells stands in the country. I need I should see them."

"'Out your mamma?" Eva remonstrated.

"Sure, 'out my mamma. She ain't got no time for go on no country. I don't needs my mamma should go by my side. Ain't you said I could to go all places what I wants I should go, sooner teacher gives me paper mit writings?"

"Sure could you," Eva repeated solemnly. "There ain't no place where you couldn't to go mit it."

"I'll go on the country," said Yetta.

That evening Mrs. Aaronsohn joined her neighbors upon the doorstep for the first time in seven years. For Yetta was lost. The neighbors were comforting, but not resourceful. They all knew Yetta; knew her to be sensible and mature for her years, even according to the exacting standard of the east side. She would presently return, they assured the distraught Mrs. Aaronsohn, and pending that happy event they entertained the bereaved parent with details of the wanderings and home-comings of their own offspring. But Yetta did not come. The reminiscent mothers talked themselves into silence, the deserted babies cried themselves to sleep. Mrs. Aaronsohn carried them up to bed—she hardly knew the outer aspect of her own door—and returned to the then deserted doorstep to watch for her first born. One by one the lights were extinguished, the sewing machines stopped, and the restless night of the quarter closed down. She was afraid to go even as far as the corner in search of the fugitive lest she could not have recognized the house which held her home.

All her hopes were centered upon the coming of Miss Bailey. When the children of happier women were setting out for school she demanded and obtained from one of them safe conduct to room 18. But teacher, when Eva Gonorowsky had interpreted the tale of Yetta's disappearance, could suggest no explanation.

"She was here until half-past three. Then she and Eva walked with me to the corner. Did she tell you, dear, where she was going?"

"Teacher, yiss ma'am. She says she goes on the country for see her papa und birds und flowers."

When this was put into Jewish, Mrs. Aaronsohn found it neither comforting nor reassuring. Miss Bailey was puzzled, but undismayed. "We'll find her," she promised the now tearful mother. "I shall go with you to look for her. Say that in Jewish for me, Eva."

The Principal lent a substitute; room 18 was deserted by its sovereign; the pencils were deserted by their monitor; and Mrs. Aaronsohn, Miss Bailey and Eva Gonorowsky—official interpreter—set out for the nearest drug store where a telephone might be. They inspected several unclaimed children before, in the station of a precinct many weary blocks away, they came upon Yetta. She was more dirty and bedraggled than she had ever been, but the charm of her manner was unchanged, and, hung about her neck upon a dirty piece of string, she wore a policeman's button.

"One of the men brought her in here at ten o'clock last night," the man behind the blotter informed Miss Bailey, while Mrs. Aaronsohn showered abuse and caresses upon the wanderer. "She was straying around the Bowery and she gave us a great game of talk about her father being a bird. I guess he is."

"My papa und birds on the country. I likes I shall go there," said Yetta from the depths of her mother's embrace.

"There, that's what she tells everybody. She has a card there with a Christian name and no address on it. I was going to try to identify her by looking for this Miss Constance Bailey."

"That is my name. I am her teacher. I gave her the card because—"

"I'm monitors. I should go all places what I wants the while I'm good girls und Teacher writes it on pieces from paper. On'y I ain't want I should come on no cops' house. I likes I should go on the country for see my papa und birds und flowers. I says like that on a cop—I shows him the paper even—und he makes I shall come here on the cop's houses where my papa don't stands und birds don't stands und flowers don't stands."

"When next you want to go to the country," said Teacher, "you must let me know. You have frightened us all dreadfully and that is a very naughty thing to do. If ever you run away again I shall have to keep the promise I made to you long and long ago, when you used to come late to school. I shall have to tolerate you."

But Yetta was undismayed. "I ain't got no more scare over that," said she with a soft smile towards the brass buttoned person behind the blotter. "Und I ain't got no scare over cops, neither. I never in mine world what is polite mit me und gives me I should eat, und I ain't seen them clubs."

"Well," continued Teacher, "you must never do it again," and then turned her attention to the very erratic spelling of Sergeant Moloney's official record of the flight of Yetta Aaronsohn.

"Say," whispered Eva, and there was a tinge of jealousy in her soft voice, "who gives you the button like Patrick Brennan's got?"

"The cop," Yetta breathed, pointing a dirty, but reverential finger towards her new divinity. "I guess, maybe, I turns me the dress around. Buttoned-in-front mit, from-gold-button-suits is awful stylish. He's got 'em."

"Thing shame how you says," cried Eva with loyal eyes upon the neatly buttoned and all unsuspecting back of Miss Bailey, "ain't you seen how is Teacher's waist?"

"Ain't I monitors of it?" demanded Yetta. "Sure I know how is it. Only I don't know be they so stylish. Cops ain't got 'em, und oh, Eva, Cops is somethin' grand! I turns me the dress around."

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